

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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Selected Poetry.

Only a Boy.
Only a boy with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, wit, and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as what I am,
Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites, and tops, and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours, or his busy days;
With his queer remarks, and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish, and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor burst
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who will be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If intemperance, or some fatal snare,
Conspire not to rob us of this our fair,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy."

Story for the Ladies.

THE HUSBAND OUTWITTED; OR, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time each day spent in the company of Mr. Manwell, the gentleman Miss Elsworth's old friend, Ned Whittaker, had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him, had strolled with him, or ridden with him along the shores on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing rooms.

Miss Elsworth was not a flirt, who distributed her likings among many gentlemen; and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Manwell. Only the evening before, their talk had withdrawn itself from general topics, which to each other had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness she had encouraged an approach to that personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now, to find Mr. Manwell, this morning, with his coat off and Smith's apron on, engaged in mending a lock! He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza, where the fashionable dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was toward her as she approached, leaning on the arm of her friend, Annie West. She recognized him, looked intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Manwell?"

"I do, Miss Elsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, raising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little.

"Your trade?" she said faintly.

"My trade, Miss Elsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him."

"I will show you to the shop just then. After wondering at Mr. Manwell while, and laughing at him, they proposed a ride. There were three carriages among them all; these would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

"What the deuce are you about here?" he exclaimed to Mr. Manwell.

"I am mending a lock," he said, as the latter turned and glanced at him; "but while you are here might as well enjoy yourself."

Mr. Manwell excused himself from joining the party, and they all went away, leaving him to complete his work.

Miss Elsworth left him without a word being said.

"It is well," he muttered to himself. "If she cannot take me as I am she is not worthy of me. The woman that marries me must take me for myself."

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulder a shrug, compressed his lips, uttered a cynical "humph!" and turned to finish his work.

"Let it be so, he muttered, when he was through, and was putting on his coat. "I thought perhaps I had found a woman after my own heart. But let it be so. Amidst this world of wealth and fashion, she too, has lost her soul. Let her go."

He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition. When she entered the drawing-room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned in passing to and fro between Miss Elsworth and him, who served still as a sort of link between them.

"You are a cynical fellow," said Ned one day. "Why don't you take people as they are? You will find good enough in them."

"But they won't take me as I am; that is the trouble."

"Pooh! You see yourself that she allows no other suitors to accompany her. Don't you see that she is alone, or with the girls most of the time?"

"Her heart is full of vanity."

"Pshaw! She is tied to luxurious notions, that's all."

Manwell's trunk was awaiting him and the stage, outside on the piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials, "G. M." Miss Elsworth, passing that way, saw the initials—not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutinizing the trunks that lay together in a pile—and when she saw the initials she started and turned pale. She recovered herself, and with drew with her companions a little way, and then stood still and watched. Soon Manwell came out with Ned, upon the piazza. He glanced to turn his eyes toward her, and their eyes met—met for the first time since she had left him while he was at work upon the lock. She did not turn her eyes. She bowed. He approached her and bid her goodbye.

What the conversation was, that ensued between the two when they were left alone, by means of Ned's ingenuity in spiriting away the rest of the company is unknown, save the following:

"But I am a locksmith," said Manwell.

"No matter."

"Are you willing to live the wife of one who, with his hands, earns his daily bread?"

"I am willing to undergo anything to be with you. I have suffered enough. During these last few days I have learned what it is to despair of being mated to the one I love."

"But your mother—your father?"

"Unless I am willing to leave them for your sake I am not worthy of you."

"But the loss of wealth, position, of the surroundings of refinement?"

"Do not say anything more. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might put obstacles in your way?"

"I am willing this hour—this minute."

"They still think you are wealthy—as I did."

"Come, then, we will go our way with Ned Whittaker, and become before the world what we now are in spirit—husband and wife; and then, at once, we will take the care for the home I have for you—a home which, though lowly, you will make happy."

"Whether you go I will go."

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering place chapel, with the wicked Ned Whittaker conniving at the mischief. The next train sped them to the city.

"I will show you to the shop where I work," said Mr. Manwell, when the carriage which they took at the depot had drawn up before one of a long line of brown stone houses, in a splendid part of the city.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps at the door.

"Mean, he replied, "that is the house and this is the workshop."

And he led her in, and among other rooms to which he conducted his wife, was one fitted up as a workshop, where he said he was accustomed to indulge his love for mechanical work, after having, he asserted, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Manwell stood and looked at him intently.

"This is your house?" she asked.

"Yes, madam,"

"And you are not poor, but rich?"

"You speak the truth, Mrs. Manwell."

"And why did you play the jest upon me?"

"To see whether you really loved me for my own sake."

"Ah, pretty, indeed! And suppose you do not love me?"

"But I do."

"Humph!"

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

"Now invite your father and mother to come and see us," said Manwell, after the cloud had some what cleared.

"I will," she replied—"I will. But first you must go with me to see them, and pacify them in view of what we have done."

"Very well."

In a few days they started out in the carriage on their errand. Mrs. Manwell gave the directions to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing squalor of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up before a miserable looking tenement house, and stopped.

"Where the deuce are you taking me?" asked Mr. Manwell; looking sharply at his wife.

"Come and see," she replied, as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

"Here, wait, he exclaimed, after his first hesitancy, "let me get out first and let you out. What does this mean?"

"Follow me," was her reply.

She led him up stairs—up, up, through throngs, and dirt, and smells, to the fourth story. Here she opened the door without knocking, and the two entered. The woman was dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keep with the place. The man was clad more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which, certainly, was full half a dozen years old.

"My husband, Mr. Manwell; my father and mother, brothers and sisters," said Mrs. Manwell, introducing all parties.

Manwell, stood and started with out speaking.

"Ask their pardon, George," said Mrs. Manwell, "for running away with me."

"Who are they?"

"Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you?"

"Who were those at the watering place?"

"Some wealthy people, who had seen me at the milliner's where I sewed for a livelihood—served my trade, George—and fancied my appearance, dressed me up, and took me with them."

"You jest?"

"Do I? No indeed? These people seemed to recognize me as a daughter and sister. Jest, indeed! You will find that out."

"You are too cultivated, too tasteful, too fine-feathered!" All this, said Mrs. Manwell, a milliner may be, or a sewing girl. Look for yourself among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need, is dress."

Mr. Manwell lifted his hat and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and, turning away, left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

His wife took off her hat and cloak, and flung herself down at a table and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened again, and Manwell put in his head. "You have deceived me," he said, "but come, you are my wife, I will try and bear it."

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

"Your wife, am I?" she exclaimed, "and doomed to live with one who does not love her, but was in love with her circumstances! No, sir, you may go; I will not live a wife unloved for myself—you must take me thus, or I will stay. Still I can work."

He closed the door and retired down stairs to the street, clenching his hands and teeth as he went.

"The horrible disgrace of it," he muttered. The derision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl!

But at the street door he tarried. He had to struggle with himself all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up the stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

"My wife," he whispered in her ear; "such you are and ever shall be, before God and before the world."

"Now I begin to think that you love me," she said, smilingly in his face. "You do love me? You really think you do, George?"

He clasped her more tightly to him.

"Come, then," said she, "though of such parents as these, poor as they are, should not feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them. Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people."

And he did shake hands with them, and what is more, he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Manwell's house, a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Manwell, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth, and young lady acquaintances of the watering place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor let it be stated, were Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

"I say, George," said Ned, whispering in Manwell's ear, "two can play at that game, can't they?"

Manwell took Ned's jeering very soberly. "Yes," said he, "after a few moments of thoughtfulness, and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools the pride of wealth makes of us all. I thought she ought to have taken me regardless of my circumstances, for myself alone, and without hesitation, even. And yet, when she tested me, I myself, was found wanting. Shall we ever learn to disregard a person's occupation, and the soul?"

Mr. Whittaker shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"I think I have learned the lesson," Mr. Manwell added.

Advantages of Stock for the Production of Manure.

A paper prepared to be read before the Topical Agricultural Club, April 2, 1870, by one of its members, says:

A favored cow or full grown steer will produce annually, if fed with sufficient forage and one peck of beets, turnips or potatoes daily, about sixteen tons of unmixd manure termed solid—equal in ammonia to 1333 lbs. of Peruvian Guano, estimating the guano at 15 per cent. The addition of 266 lbs. of superphosphate of lime makes it equal in all respects to the Guano. Then sixteen tons may by careful drying be reduced to about the same weight as the guano. The liquids of the same animal yield double that amount of pure ammonia, equal to 2667 lbs. of guano, say in all 4,000 lbs. of guano. The other phosphatic salts of the liquid equal the phosphates in the guano. So that you have in the animal product of the cow and about \$3 expended for phosphates, a manure worth \$180—sufficient with the addition of Dickson's formula to manure from 20 to 40 acres of land.

If we assume the ammonia of the guano to be in the form of a carbonate, we have in the cow's voiding for one year, an equivalent for the ammonia of seven tons of guano, and with one ton of superphosphate of lime equal to that amount of guano for fertilizing, and with Dixon's formula to manure from 70 to 140 acres. This may and no doubt does seem incredible to persons who have been all their lives familiar with domestic manure. But no one of us, I presume, has ever kept a well fed cow or ox so confined as to have all its excrements and in such a situation as will secure it from loss. Consequently we are unable to deny the authority of Dana, Johnson and others upon whose careful measurements and scientific analyses of these products the foregoing statement is based. It is further stated that the ammonia voided in one year's solids and fluids of a good sized animal will combine with sufficient carbonic acid to make 2031 lbs. of carbonate of ammonia. If we attempt to supply this out of the channels of commerce, it costs \$400. If the loss sustained by the members of this club, in the waste and neglect of production of animal manure of all kinds be measured by its relation to Peruvian Guano, we shall find no doubt it equals the sum of all our products, or in other words, that if all were saved and as much produced as is possible it would more than double them. Animal manures absorbed by dry vegetable mould and pure phosphates will enable us to keep more stock, make more manure, increase the stock and so on *ad lib. tum*. Shelters for stock and shelters for manures, floors of puddled clay, and if required of cement, are the only magic agents in this great reform.

[Carolina Farmer.]

Mr. Cuyekanickbuck's Yakutsk oltmilks Sakjatskyitniks Anka-baganuks Mektonokutokoria keeps a hotel at Sitka, Alaska. He says that the Americans have the queerest names he ever heard of, and it is with the utmost difficulty he can pronounce them.

[From the Rural Carolinian.]

Keeping Irish Potatoes.

Mr. Editor: I see that "Mrs. W. B. R." in your April number, inquires for the best manner of keeping Irish potatoes. I am a great lover of that vegetable, and consequently I always try to keep them in good condition. For several years I was not very successful, nor was I until I adopted the following plan: My house is about forty feet square, and about three to four feet from the ground, with occasional pillars to support it, so that there is a free circulation of air, at all times, under it. When my potatoes are fully ripe, which is known when the tops die, I dig them carefully, removing them immediately into a shady place, where I assort them, leaving for preservation none but those which are perfectly sound and not at all injured with the hoe. I put the sound ones under my house, scattering them so that they will not touch each other, and let them remain there until there is danger of their freezing.

I have a large box under my house, made on purpose, into which I put my potatoes in the following manner: First, a layer of perfect dry sand, and then a layer of potatoes, not allowing one to press on another, then alternately a layer of potatoes and sand, until my box is filled, which will hold some thirty bushels. Adopting this course, I do not think I have lost a peck from rotting in five years, indeed, I have no fears whatever in regard to keeping or preserving my potatoes, and I often have an abundance until after planting time in the spring. The only trouble is in having dry sand, for if it is the least damp the potatoes will sprout. Last fall I put up in this manner my seed for planting this spring, and when I took them out to plant not one of them was in the least injured, and the same was true with regard to my eating potatoes. I give this as the result of my experience, and for what it is worth.

ISAAC BRANCH, M. D.
Abbeville, C. H., S. C., April 1st, 1870.

USE OF LIME IN AGRICULTURE.

The use of lime is two-fold: 1st, physical, 2d, chemical. As a mechanical agent, it opens stiff clays, rendering them friable, mellow, and more easily worked; chemically, it acts on the vegetable matter of the soil and sets free those stores of valuable substances which, without the action of this agent, must have remained inert and useless. It enters directly into the composition of plants, and in many varieties forms large proportions of the weight of their inorganic constituents. It neutralizes certain acids which are often present in soils, rendering them useful in vegetation instead of being positively injurious, which they are in their original state.—The existence of water in the soil, however, affects the action of lime very considerably. If the land is wet and undrained, lime will not exert the same influence which it would do in the case of thoroughly drained land. A greater quantity of lime is necessary to produce a given effect, thus the neglect of thorough drainage entails a considerably greater expenditure in liming than would have been necessary if the land was either naturally or artificially dry.—Camron's Chemistry of Agriculture.

A CALIFORNIA letter says: "I was quite certain that the 'Shoo Fly' mania would culminate in a tragedy. News has just been received from Trinity county that a wandering minstrel troupe, which recently penetrated to that benighted region, was warned to cease singing the ditty, and on their refusal, were granted a fair trial by the indignant miners.—Their cloths didn't fit the jury, so they were permitted to depart unmolested, the committee donating the treasury receipts to one Jackson's widow, whose husband was lynched by mistake the day before."

In the town of Bellport, L. I., there is a turtle wandering around with the date 1812 marked on his back. A party who was out there over Sunday, attending church, heard of it and came back here and told Hembold, who immediately dispatched a constable to Bellport to capture the turtle's back the legend "Hembold's Bearer." Business!

It is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; more fortunate is he who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

REVEREND puts you on a level with your enemy; forgiveness lifts you far above him.

The Men Who Succeed.

Take twenty boys of sixteen, in our or any city in the State, and let them go to work, three or four in a dry goods store, boot and shoe, or blacksmith establishments and printing offices. In ten years they will become men of twenty-six, and the majority of them will then be about as far along in the business as they ever will be.—One or two only in each of the above branches will be established in business for themselves or connected with some firm doing a good business, and the rest will be barely getting a living and growing about their poor luck.—Now, we assert that there is good reason for their poor success, and that luck has but little, if anything at all, to do with it. If we take the trouble to ascertain the real facts in their several cases, we shall find that those young men who became masters in their trades, or leading men in their pursuits, were not afraid to work, and were determined to succeed.

They look beyond the day and week. They made themselves valuable and useful to their employers, by being always faithful, reliable and willing to do what they could for the interest of those for whom they worked. When a press of business came, they were ready and willing to work extra hours and without sulking or grumbling, well knowing that business must be attended to when it came, and that there were plenty of dull times during the year, which would more than counterbalance any extra briskness of the busy season. To sum it all up, these young men identified themselves with the establishment where they were employed, became useful to their employers, in fact fixtures, who could be illy spared, and in due course of time, having gained experience, were invited to take a hand with the already established house, or else boldly stride out for themselves. Here, then, is the lesson, which is, if you wish to become successful masters, learn first to become faithful servants.

American Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of one hundred and seventy feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea being four hundred and thirty miles long and, one thousand feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over 3000 miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creeks flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world, is the Delphi Girard College for Orphans, Phila.

Mosquitoes are beginning to sing their sanguinary songs in cool, dark corners. Josh Billings says the mosquito was born of poor but honest parents, who had in their veins some of the best blood in the country, and the progeny will undoubtedly take care that the best blood will not lack replenishing.

A CLERGYMAN, in a recent sermon in New York, quoted an anecdote of an old merchant, who instructed his clerks: "When a man comes into a store and talks of his honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell to him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar."

A YOUNG man in Coldwater, Michigan, suddenly lost his voice on Christmas, and he has been unable to speak since, except in his sleep, when he talks as fluently as ever.

IMMEDIATELY after the burning of the Richmond Theatre, in 1811, the Council of that city passed an order forbidding any public show, assembly or dancing for the period of four months.

A MONKEY has been born in Pittsburg. The event being the first of the kind in that city, the editor of one of the radical newspapers has visited the infant, and is disposed to recognize it as a man and brother.

"An interesting game, no doubt," the typical witty Frenchman is reported to have said, on his first introduction to the ground of the London Cricket Club, "but why can't you Englishmen, who are so rich, hire some one to run about for you?"

The moaning of the tied—a husband's grumbling.

An unpleasant sort of arithmetic—division among families.

Troubles are like babies; they grow bigger by nursing.

Never intrust a secret to a belle—it will be told.

SOMEbody says night gowns are "late habits."

BOOK-KEEPING taught in one lesson—Don't lend them.

A MAN often regrets that he did speak on certain occasions; very seldom that he did not speak.

WHEN the cat is away, the cook finds it difficult to explain how the cold meat goes.

HOW we do love to hear the whole barn-yard cackle every time our selfishness lays an egg.

QUEEN Victoria is the richest widow in the world. She has laid up \$10,000,000.

STRIVE to do right because it is right; shun the wrong because it is wrong.

An exchange is not far from right in saying that a sour-faced wife often helps the liquor trade.

BALTIMORE announces that her foreign commerce is steadily increasing.

FASHION decrees that ladies' boots shall be laced hereafter—not buttoned.

SEPARATE cars for colored people are now run on the Baltimore street railroads.

VICE does not pay; the sin is less sweet than we fancied, and it cost more than we bargained for.

It is a great shame to venture upon any wrong thing, and then presume upon forgiveness.

WHICH shall we look at, the rose-buds or the rose-bugs, when we visit a neighbor's conservatory?

ALL history shows that it is infinitely easier to control than to rule a corps of priests.

SOME married men go out like candles, leaving their wives in the dark—as to where they spend their evenings.

ALL young men have inalienable rights, of which none is so sacred as the privilege to be "somebody."

WRITE your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

BASE all your actions upon principle of right; preserve your integrity of right; and, doing this, never reckon the cost.

MEN of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

God takes notice of every particular man as if there was none else; and yet takes notice of all as if there were but one man.

Be not over hasty to combat public opinion without pressing reason. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face.

The upper ten of London regard it as bad etiquette to ride to church on Sunday, whenever it is possible to walk.

EIGHT million copies of the French Emperor's letter to the people on the plebiscite were printed for distribution.

AN Irishman that was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than the other did to him.

"When he shot at me the third time," said a California teamster, "I began to think he meant business, so I up with my rifle and put a bullet through his head."

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